

FRANKLIN

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1876.

No. 20

50 Cts. a Year, in Advance.

Five Cents a Copy.

BLUE EYES.

Dear little Blue-eyes over the way,
Thence for a time and then to each day
Little earth-angel, blithe and gay,
Chasing the shadows of life away,
And I pray the Father, good and wise,
To shield the truth which in her lies.

If the hours of time we daily meet
Were true as love's arms around the street,
I fancy our earth an Eden fair,
Not grasping the fruit forbidden there,
But such the other's evening just,
In truth we work—in God we rest.

The angel who pens the daily life
Of each earth-child in the book of Life,
Would never write with white writing there,
The records of a world so fair.
For truth would never be an alien guest,
He prays that most who live best.

A DREAM —OF— SPRING.

Translated from the German of Johannes
Von Dreussl for the SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

CHAPTER I.

There are moments in our existence
Which impress themselves so vividly upon
the memory that we never again forget
them; they rise out of the surface of our
life, like buds out of the wide ocean. We
used only to close our eyes, to lean back,
and those pictures roll down one after the
other, a long, fantastic procession. They
stand before the mind's eye, a little ob-
scured indeed by the veil of the past, but
with bright and shining colors. Once more
they come upon us, from the memory of
youth, more brightly our souls, with joy we
move according as they were woven into
the garment of our life as bright or dark
flowers.

And as it happens to us perhaps when we
lie on the grass in the evening and gaze up
to the sky, so it is here. From the depths
of shining points which look down
upon us, some stand out more vividly, as
Campanula, Iris, the Great, and the Lesser
Blue, Venus, These, captured so power-
fully, while the others step back like mod-
est attendants on the stage, then gradually
disappear, and our eyes are occupied only
with those favorite stars, all the rest being
forgotten. So it is to-day, gazing dreamily
back into my past life, allowing old days
to rise to pass before me—dear, precious
friends, who smile at me, gliding along,
one by one, and slowly fading—all but one.
I close my eyes and am carried back four
years. I find myself lying in a narrow,
hard bed, with a blue and white checkered
cover, in a large, airy hall. From its walls
old gentlemen in armor and perruques adorn-
ed with stars, chains, and Marshal's staff,
look down modestly at me, out of broad,
gold frames. At the right and left of my
couch are long rows of similar iron camp-
beds, with covers from which pale faces
and bandaged heads everywhere appear.
Over the door, on which a warm sunbeam
plays, glides the last, untimely steps of
single shadows and figures: they are brought
down, with smooth, white caps and aprons,
bringing to the wounded their dinner—good
broth, which, when here, with equal care,
friend and foe! Here and there one of
those ladies sits down by a sick man,
helps him to rise or gives him his food, sup-
porting the helpless, grinning man with the
face of a mother for her child; while others
offer drinks, arrange bandages, or speak
lowering words.

I had slept a little. Alas! slumber was
then a rare guest at my couch! The rat-
tling of dishes and spoons, and the noise of
steps had awakened me. But I saw every-
thing that passed around me only because a
veil, my thought had not yet become ob-
literated, so weak and broken down was I
by pain and loss of blood.

"Will you not cut your soup, Herr Wagner?
Try it, it will do you good," said a
familiar voice near me, and, raising my
self fully, I perceived Fräulein Maie, my
kind nurse, holding on a small tray some
bread, a bowl and a plate, and smiling at
me encouragingly out of her friendly brown
eyes. I made a rather hasty movement to
comply with her invitation, struck my leg
arm against the bed, and sank back
again on my pillow, with a cry of pain.
Instantly Fräulein Maie laid the tray on a
chair, bent over me and looked terrified
into my face.

"Oh my God!" she cried, "You have
hurt yourself! Poor Herr Wagner, you are
so great a pain!" and from her
bright eyes came into the eyes of the
good soul. I noticed my pain and even
made a weak attempt to smile—but it was
only an attempt, for in the next moment
the cold perspiration stood on my brow and
I faintly.

When I recovered, after a long time,
the physician stood at my side, feeling my
pulse, while others were busy in arranging
my bandages. At the foot of my bed I re-
ceived strange faces, an old gentleman with
gray hair and thick black eyebrows—an el-
derly lady who held something like a
thin, thin stick, and behind both the head of a
young girl. And while they bandaged me,
I, suppressing my pain, continually gazed
beyond, at the delicate, rosy face, with the
large shining eyes, which, glowing with
tears, were fixed upon me, full of sympathy
and anxiety. That at last something like a
rose-colored mist sank down over me and
my lids closed from exhaustion. But, when

awakened to tell, I saw also with closed eyes
these two bright points—they seemed to me
the softly shining stars, full of promise, in
an endless heaven. They smiled at me and
I felt no more pain; my heart gradually be-
came so light and cheerful that I wanted to
glide gently towards them, and I felt as if I
were lying in the embrace of a sweet, pre-
cious dream.

"The sleep—let us leave him, the dan-
ger is past," came to my ear, softly from a
distance, the voice of the doctor. But I did
not sleep; I lay in that half-conscious state
brought on by loss of blood. I really felt
asleep much later.

Four years have since passed, but that
picture stands to-day so vividly before my
consciousness that I need only close my
eyes to see
everything again, as I have
described it: Fräulein Maie
with her friendly
smile, the short, stout
Weber, the old
gentleman, the tall, distin-
guished, look-
ing lady, and
those sweet,
faded eyes be-
coming there.

I was then
twenty-five
years of age,
and had but a
short time be-
fore passed
through my
Maiden exami-
nation as an
architect in
Berlin. Then
the call to arms
came in the
month of June,
1870, and I was
sent to the
front as a
lieutenant in
one of the
Prussian in-
fantry regiments.

"The King
called and all
came!"
I obeyed the
order promptly
and had my
company. I fought
with the army
of the Elbe,
under General
von Herwarth.
At Münden-
graben, on the
twenty-eighth
of July, I went
for the first
time into bat-
tle, and a few
days later, at
the morning
of Probus, a
hostile bull
battered down
everywhere, and
left arm and
leg below.
I had strength
sufficient to
drag myself to
a surgeon's
tent, then I
broke down
from pain and
lost consciousness.
Five days later
I arrived at
Dresden in the
railway, and
there, in the
so-called New-
Stadt, went into
the Cadetten-
barracks which
had been con-
verted into a hospital. I was the only
one in danger of losing my arm, my wound
was severe and the long journey had made
it much worse. But energetic medical as-
sistance, and a very good constitution helped
me through, and fortunately made ampu-
tation unnecessary. Yet my recovery pro-
gressed but slowly, and with great suffer-
ing, and therefore spent the rest of the night
asking myself who would receive me and
how it would be there.

"Well, sir, how is it?" inquired the doc-
tor, the next morning, "have you thought
over the matter?"

"Yes," I answered, "I should have a
mind it would be better for me, perhaps,
if I only knew, doctor."

"What do you wish to know?" he cried.
"Where you are to go?"

"Where you are to go?" he cried, "I would
recommence nothing but to you, doctor, I
have no more. You shall have it privately,
—privately! Give me your hand on it!"

I thought of the sorrow of my sleepless
nights, and the cheerful smile, and said:
"Agreed—here is my hand!" With that
the affair was settled.

That same afternoon I was carefully
packed in a carriage, with my servant and
driver, to the Ostra-Alle, to the house of
Fräulein Maie, whose name was on the
little note which I received.

The lady had kindly declared herself
ready for the reception of a wounded officer.
It was a gloomy August day when I drove
to the house of the doctor's friend. The
house was a narrow, low, old building
with a porch, and the Ostra-Alle, the house
of Fräulein Maie, whose name was on the
little note which I received.

The lady had kindly declared herself
ready for the reception of a wounded officer.
It was a gloomy August day when I drove
to the house of the doctor's friend. The
house was a narrow, low, old building
with a porch, and the Ostra-Alle, the house
of Fräulein Maie, whose name was on the
little note which I received.

entirely removed, which those seriously ill
experience but too painfully—the uncom-
fortable noise, the continual association with so
many men whose sufferings we must see,
whose groans and cries rise up to us, and
the continual odor of medicine and
these form the unfavorable side of all war
hospitals, and they effect him who is im-
pelled to leave them very painfully, and
without interest. I considered, there-
fore, I feared that Fräulein Maie would
not be so kind as to receive me. It was
painful to me also to become a burden to
any family when I did not know, and
who, perhaps, in a generous disposition had
offered their care, and, later, had possibly
repented. But, as often happens with such

newly arrived people, ideas, carriages,
clothes and trunks, wherever one looked,
there it was this bright picture, or the
fresh, invigorating air which came over the
river. I knew not, but for the first time
long, peacefully, a peculiar sensation
passed through my heart—a sweet feeling
of sympathy, a newly awakening desire for
life, the sky appeared to me more blue,
the trees more green, marked all more joyous
and gay than ever before. A strange en-
thusiasm, rising from my heart to my throat,
rushed in powerfully, and I felt as if I
were to remain a short time. My heart, Heinz,
my servant, looked sideways at me, his
eyes filled with tears, which were only the
reflection of those running down my cheeks
upon my beard. When I, ashamed,

received me. At the first glance I recog-
nized them. They were the two ladies who
had stood by my bed when I recovered from
my swoon. The older greeted me and won
the broad smile that behind her raised itself
a little and I saw again those soft, shining
eyes, of which I have so often dreamed.
Before I could utter a word, Fräulein
Maie extended both hands to me, and
welcomed me heartily to her house.
Then she wished to conduct me to the room
prepared for me, but the sun down there
was so delightful that I begged her to allow
me to remain a short time. "You cannot
imagine, Madame," said I, agitated, "how
much good the fresh air and the green trees
do me after so long a deprivation," and
Madame von Iverton took my will in her
hand and led me forward to a room, which
was a broad, shaded path.

were remarkably delicate and well formed,
worked industriously with needle and
thread, and her hand was bent very low
over the string of beads. Sometimes in the
course of the conversation she glanced up
hastily and gave me the opportunity to ad-
mire her lovely, delicate features, and catch
a glimpse of her beaming violet eyes, which
shone out under the shadow of her hair. I
cannot describe how rejoiced I was after the
bleaky days of the campaign, after the long
weeks in hospital, to look into this lovely,
naturally fair, so fresh and fragrant as a
half-opened rose bud, which, not the lightest
breath of life seemed yet to have troubled.

Dresden was then in great agitation, not
so much on account of the terrible results
of the last campaign and because the Saxons
were still scattered about Vienna,
but chiefly because there was every reason
to think that it would become a Russian
stronghold. Indeed, it then appeared as if
we were employed in throwing up bar-
ricks on the commanding heights around
the town and on the right bank of the Elbe,
between the New Stadt and Losenitz they
had already begun to cut away the forest;
some hundreds of acres of trees were now
cut down, the trunks of which they used for
palisades. That beautiful Dresden should be
hemmed in by a circle of ugly firs, lay
like a mountain-wreath upon the citizens.
People of all classes labored much upon the
subject, sometimes with rage and indigna-
tion, sometimes with anxiety and pain.
Thus here, I knew not how to name—the
conversation turned to this matter, and it
was naturally very painful to me, a Prussian
officer. But, as Fräulein Maie, who had
turned to me and observing this, quitted
me with the words:

"You do not consider me real Saxons, do
you, Lieutenant?"

"After your declaration, Madame, evi-
dently not," I answered, quickly.

"No, no," she continued, brightly, "we are
very good friends, Fräulein Maie, even to Mr.
Howard of course, he is a diplomatist."
These Saxons interest me for quite another
reason; my husband will in a few weeks
have completed his forty-fourth year of ser-
vice and has determined to take his dis-
charge then. We wish to settle and possi-
bly to purchase here in the vicinity my
sister. Now this was caused by a real dis-
appointment, although on the other hand
I suppose very favorably, but we consider
that just in consequence of these defenses,
the price of houses in Dresden will con-
siderably decline and everything will fall in
value. I would like to take advantage of
it, but we must consider also whether we
would not on the whole venture to make a per-
manent residence here in the present cir-
cumstances."

"I hope, Madame," I replied, "that this
will all pass over and that in a few years
the wounds of the war will be healed. I
think also decidedly that this is, in a busi-
ness point of view, the most favorable time
to purchase. Should you resolve to carry
out your plan, I beg you to accept my ser-
vices."

"How to accept your services?" in-
terrupted the Standardist, brightly, turn-
ing her head towards my face.

"I could advise and help you efficiently
in the purchase of a house," I answered
with a slight smile at her astonishment. "I
am in my civil position a royal architect and
that is therefore in my line." I could not
be the same moment that the straw had raised
itself quickly, and Fräulein Maie looked at
me almost doubtfully with a naive surprise,
which became her quite charmingly.

"You are an architect?" inquired Fräulein
Maie, and at the same time the
Standardist went on brightly.

"Ah, Herr Wagner, that happens ex-
actly, I will take you to your word when
you can go on again, yes, you have the
multifarious in your coat-tail."

Now the young diplomatist opened his
mouth for the first time and assured me that
he was unable to understand how I could
be at once an architect and an officer in the
regular army; and it cost me an insur-
mountable effort to explain the matter to him.

"There comes Mr. Heinz," said Madame's
son Iverton suddenly, looking with an ex-
pression of pleased surprise towards the ex-
traordinary. I followed her glance and saw a
short, plump man, about the age of thirty,
with Madame at the hospital, coming
quickly down the gravel walk with dusty
steps. He was followed by a servant, car-
rying a large parcel wrapped in paper. He
was dressed in a short, very tight, brown
jacket, and light trousers, wide above,
tapering off to a fine shape. His
movements were remarkably lively for his
years and did not exactly correspond with
his gray hair, which flowed on like a river
pair of heavily-corded boots a *Franziska*.
His eyes looked bright, high arched and coal
black, and were sparkling with the rays
of his hair. I saw later that they were dead—
but the eyes, which were also black and piercing,
had retained an extraordinary bright-
ness for them a man of over sixty years.
It was a peculiar face, that of this Mr.
Heinz, a striking, indefinite physiognomy,
in which one could find traces of several
good and good nature predominated. The
upper part of his face had a mere English,



"RABBIT SHOOTING."—Drawn by C. KRONER.

reflections in a chance here decided and
turned the scales in favor of the doctor's
proposition. A new attendant had been
appointed to my hall, who performed his
first watching on usually—he sat for instance,
the whole night through in an arm chair,
cutting one stick after another—that I in
despair, determined to go to private care,
and therefore spent the rest of the night in
asking myself who would receive me and
how it would be there.

"Well, sir, how is it?" inquired the doc-
tor, the next morning, "have you thought
over the matter?"

"Yes," I answered, "I should have a
mind it would be better for me, perhaps,
if I only knew, doctor."

"What do you wish to know?" he cried.
"Where you are to go?"

"Where you are to go?" he cried, "I would
recommence nothing but to you, doctor, I
have no more. You shall have it privately,
—privately! Give me your hand on it!"

I thought of the sorrow of my sleepless
nights, and the cheerful smile, and said:
"Agreed—here is my hand!" With that
the affair was settled.

That same afternoon I was carefully
packed in a carriage, with my servant and
driver, to the Ostra-Alle, to the house of
Fräulein Maie, whose name was on the
little note which I received.

The lady had kindly declared herself
ready for the reception of a wounded officer.
It was a gloomy August day when I drove
to the house of the doctor's friend. The
house was a narrow, low, old building
with a porch, and the Ostra-Alle, the house
of Fräulein Maie, whose name was on the
little note which I received.

The lady had kindly declared herself
ready for the reception of a wounded officer.
It was a gloomy August day when I drove
to the house of the doctor's friend. The
house was a narrow, low, old building
with a porch, and the Ostra-Alle, the house
of Fräulein Maie, whose name was on the
little note which I received.

deathly carried my will hand to my face.
Being looked at me kindly, and said:
"Never mind, Herr Lieutenant, it will
all come right again. Here in the open air
you will soon be well."

I was touched; I pressed his hand, nodded
at him, and was silent. Now with those
over, all will be well, echoed also through
my soul.

We stepped before a stately house. Heinz
got out and rang the bell, while I, sitting
in the carriage, viewed my new home. It was
an attractive looking building of moderate
size, with lofty, bright windows and a bal-
cony. But now the door opened, and an
old man, with a friendly good face, stepped
out before the hall which had performed its
office. They had, therefore, expected me.

"My lady will rejoice that you have
come," Herr Lieutenant said the porter,
adjoining to the carriage, and taking of his
cap, then he helped me down the steps,
took up my small effects and conducted me
into the house. "The ladies sit in the gar-
den during the fine weather, but I will im-
mediately inform them," he continued, and
then looking compassionately at my arm, he
said, "I was once a soldier also, Herr
Lieutenant, in the year '72 under the great
Emperor." His eyes glowed up brightly
under the influence of the old memories, and
his body became erect, then as if he would
renew his last time, he hastened quickly
across the courtyard into the garden. I
followed him slowly as well as my infirm
body would permit, going through the tri-
bune down a shaded path till I heard
voices and saw bright figures glimmer
through the foliage.

Two female figures advanced rapidly at

fifty years. On her shrewd face, which was
framed in large grey curls, kindness of
heart and firm strength of will were equally im-
pressed. Her dress was elegant and in the
latest fashion, a sign that the lady still held
her person in her esteem, notwithstanding
her years. As I entered later, she had been
a widow a long time. Her sister, the
Standardist, was to an observer smaller
than Madame von Iverton, and although
she was the younger of the two her face
bore the traces of time more clearly, and
her figure was no longer so straight and
erect as that of the mistress of the house.
Her conversation was lively and despatch-
ing, the expression of her eyes, her face was
marked by delicate and acute sense, and
she was very lively—now indeed it was a trait.
The Secretary of Legation had a striking
appearance. There was in his looks, regu-
lar countenance, something flexible and
stern, something *Partisan*, which seemed
as little suited to his age, as was his soft,
old demeanor. For the most certain dis-
tinguished air was diffused over his whole
person, and when he sometimes became
accused or doubted, he gained vivacity, and
his broad front of her hair permit me to use the
word of her face, only the rays of a
glowing sunset after a long day, and a
lonely hand, shining in the twilight, ap-
peared below it. Her little hands, which

firmly carried my will hand to my face.
Being looked at me kindly, and said:
"Never mind, Herr Lieutenant, it will
all come right again. Here in the open air
you will soon be well."

I was touched; I pressed his hand, nodded
at him, and was silent. Now with those
over, all will be well, echoed also through
my soul.

We stepped before a stately house. Heinz
got out and rang the bell, while I, sitting
in the carriage, viewed my new home. It was
an attractive looking building of moderate
size, with lofty, bright windows and a bal-
cony. But now the door opened, and an
old man, with a friendly good face, stepped
out before the hall which had performed its
office. They had, therefore, expected me.

"My lady will rejoice that you have
come," Herr Lieutenant said the porter,
adjoining to the carriage, and taking of his
cap, then he helped me down the steps,
took up my small effects and conducted me
into the house. "The ladies sit in the gar-
den during the fine weather, but I will im-
mediately inform them," he continued, and
then looking compassionately at my arm, he
said, "I was once a soldier also, Herr
Lieutenant, in the year '72 under the great
Emperor." His eyes glowed up brightly
under the influence of the old memories, and
his body became erect, then as if he would
renew his last time, he hastened quickly
across the courtyard into the garden. I
followed him slowly as well as my infirm
body would permit, going through the tri-
bune down a shaded path till I heard
voices and saw bright figures glimmer
through the foliage.

Two female figures advanced rapidly at

firmly carried my will hand to my face.
Being looked at me kindly, and said:
"Never mind, Herr Lieutenant, it will
all come right again. Here in the open air
you will soon be well."

I was touched; I pressed his hand, nodded
at him, and was silent. Now with those
over, all will be well, echoed also through
my soul.

We stepped before a stately house. Heinz
got out and rang the bell, while I, sitting
in the carriage, viewed my new home. It was
an attractive looking building of moderate
size, with lofty, bright windows and a bal-
cony. But now the door opened, and an
old man, with a friendly good face, stepped
out before the hall which had performed its
office. They had, therefore, expected me.

"My lady will rejoice that you have
come," Herr Lieutenant said the porter,
adjoining to the carriage, and taking of his
cap, then he helped me down the steps,
took up my small effects and conducted me
into the house. "The ladies sit in the gar-
den during the fine weather, but I will im-
mediately inform them," he continued, and
then looking compassionately at my arm, he
said, "I was once a soldier also, Herr
Lieutenant, in the year '72 under the great
Emperor." His eyes glowed up brightly
under the influence of the old memories, and
his body became erect, then as if he would
renew his last time, he hastened quickly
across the courtyard into the garden. I
followed him slowly as well as my infirm
body would permit, going through the tri-
bune down a shaded path till I heard
voices and saw bright figures glimmer
through the foliage.

Two female figures advanced rapidly at

come there, and if he hasn't I reckon we'll

they received the best wages and gratuity.

